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cheesecloth contraptions no more than 2 feet high under which human beings are sleeping half buried in the sand.

Approaching the river, we see canoes pulled up on the sands and discover that there is more debris close by, but its owners are not in sight. In the water close to the canoes are turtles with their hind legs tied to the front ones. Some of these are also fastened to the canoes, by means of strings which pass through holes drilled in their carapaces. They make fruitless efforts to move away whenever anyone comes near to them.

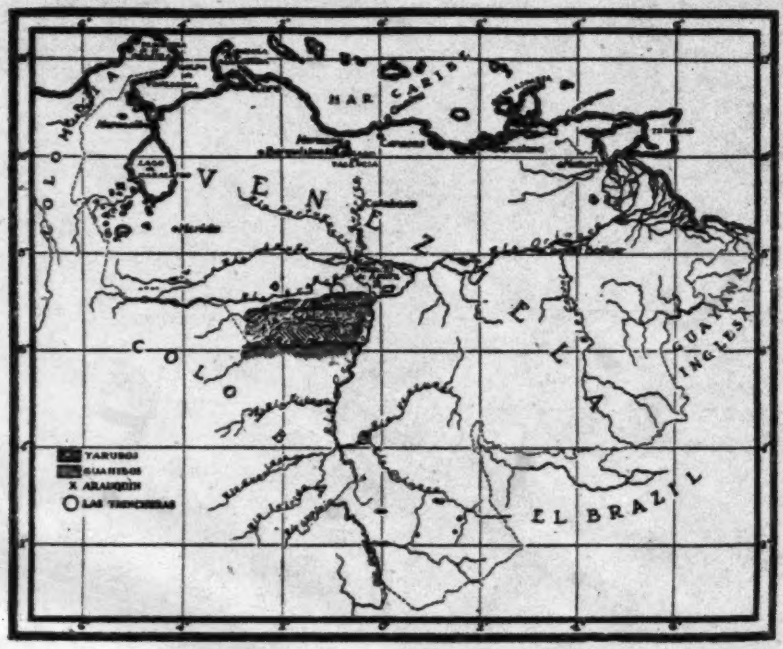

FIGURE 15.—Map of Venezuela.

It is not a large camp, and the sleepers do not number many. As we look around us they appear to be insignificant and lost in immense space, so distant and even is the horizon. Only to the east do we see a wall of shadow rising a little above the horizon. It is all that can be seen of the hills of Guiana across the Orinoco not far away. In the early morning light they look like mountains, though they are only a few hundred feet high.

The awakening of a Yaruro camp is quiet, almost surreptitious. As the grayness of the landscape gives place to bright orange-gold, some of the sleepers are up, squatting with their legs doubled under them. They face the west; they do not move, merely sit still watching

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512 the horizon. There is no chanting as in the villages of the Xingu, no whistling, no marching to the river for an early bath. There is no conversation, no motion. After a while a dog may sit up and watch the world as silently as his master. More and more of the recumbent figures sit up; some old man becomes busily engaged in making string; a woman gives suck to a baby; others rise, and, walking with heads [372] high, chests thrust forward, go toward the bushes, to reappear soon with armfuls of wood and quickly start fires with their laurelwood fire drills. Soon everyone is sitting up, and the cheesecloth tents disappear. A few women huddle around the fires.

It is only when the wind resumes its violent blowing that the camp is stirred into activity. The chilliness of the night is forgotten, reverential thoughts are discarded. The vulgar stomach, however, is remembered. Preparations are made to take care of its daily needs. 512 225 462 Bows and arrows are examined. A harpoon arrow for turtles and crocodiles, a fish arrow, a gourd, and if the hunter possesses one, a knife, comprise the equipment. Then the men go to their canoes two by two, though a young boy may be taken along to make three. He too must learn to satisfy the daily craving of his inner machinery. The hunters paddle away upstream and disappear around the bend of the river.

512 222 462 The women prepare for their own voyages. Sometimes they accompany the men, sometimes they go alone in a canoe or go inland. They carry baskets on their backs suspended from the forehead by a strap. Each woman carries a digging stick. Little girls accompany them, with their little baskets and their own digging sticks, in imitation of the grown-ups. Some women carry babies astride the hip, 291 feeding at the large full breasts. Naked but for a loin covering, with hair falling down their backs, they seem to fit the wild landscape. Some may wear a camisole, but that is only a thin veil, and their bodies are seen underneath. The loin covering is tied at the back, and, as they walk with chests thrown forward and high, resembles a huge tail rolled under the camisole. Their smooth-skinned ape appearance is graceful but amusing; the naked ones fit the picture better.

512 461 At camp are left only the old people and some young ones who are too lazy to go out or have been hunting hard and need a rest. They are soon busy fixing bows and arrows, making string, carving ornaments, weaving basketry, taking care of very young children. There is very little talking and no fussing. They almost ignore each other. Those who stay at home will wait patiently for their dinner. They will watch the sun climb the heavens, and they will move from one side of the branches to the other to keep in the shade. Beaten by the wind which by noon blows a gale, bombarded by

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512 grains of [illegible], they wait patiently and quietly, though hungry.
461 They seek no shelter from the wind, preferring it to the myriads of insects lurking in any sheltered spot. And then, too, it is cool in the wind, terrifically hot away from it.

512 About midafternoon the hunters and food gatherers straggle in.
224 They bring small crocodiles and turtles, crocodile eggs, turtle eggs,
222 perhaps some honey; and the women return with full baskets containing changuango, a wild root that they have dug up in the savanna. They, too, may bring turtle eggs. Not always, of course. The men and the women may return with empty hands and empty baskets. In any event there is no boisterous reception, but the same silence, the same quiet acceptance of the day and what it brings as they have shown at its beginning. Fires are built larger, the women roast the
512 roots, the men help with the turtles and the crocodiles. These are
252 placed whole on the fire until the shells are toasted and then they
515 are cracked open. Wives become busy delousing their husbands, using a carved stick to help in the search. Sometimes the lice are picked and eaten. But the bodies of the men are covered with numerous black blisters, showing that they have suffered the daily torment from the insects. The wife crushes all of these blisters with the same delousing tool.

512 Dinner is a gala time. Calabash dishes containing the various
264 courses are placed in the center of the ring formed by each family.
262 The food is picked up and carried to the mouth with the fingers. There are crocodile eggs. These are opened and the contents are sucked up raw. The same is done with the turtle eggs. There is the course of roasted changuango, and the pieces of turtle meat. But the real delicacy is crocodile, the best meat of all. The crocodile is eaten in its entirety, except for the entrails, and when the dinner is over some of it is left by the fire, an open invitation to anyone to fill any empty portion of his stomach. The stomachs become distended as tremendous quantities of food are swallowed. This is the only real meal of the day, and the fear of a dinnerless tomorrow drives the eaters to exceptional feats of gourmandizing until their bodies can hold no more. The lean dogs fight among themselves over the refuse heaps. The vultures glide overhead or are busy at crocodile entrails.

512 There is no after dinner work—no kitchen or table ware to wash,
517 nothing to spoil the proper enjoyment of a full stomach. They eat
776 until they have had enough, and then they move to the east of the fires to lie on the clean sands and watch the sun hide beneath the western horizon. For about half an hour they watch the ever-changing colorful western sky and when rays of light emanate from below the horizon to streak the heavens with blue and gold and white, they

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512 rejoice, for they know that Kuma, the goddess creator of all things,
517 is content with them and is sending them a greeting in token thereof.
796 On the wings of the wind comes the roar of the araguatos.

But life starts in the east and ends in the west. The day is done and the night comes on. The Yaruros turn to face the east to watch
821 the beginning of star travel and also the fiery appearance of the
776 moon and its transformation to a chaste white. The sands glisten and above flash "falling stars", but the Yaruros say that these are messengers of Kuma doing their errands.

512 Then the women roll cigars, light them, and pass them to their men.
296 Everyone smokes and there is great contentment. There is reluctance
462 to stand up, so if a woman has to fetch some object, say a firebrand,
[576] she will crawl on all fours, looking not unlike some large but indescribably graceful ape.

When several stars of the big dipper have appeared the women
512 rise in a body and walk into the darkness west of the camp. They
462 disappear from sight and hearing. What mysteries they perform they only know. The men are left alone and they talk about heaven. The children play merrily.

The women return and quietly take their places, ready to prepare more cigars. It is good to lie naked on the sand looking at the sky,
000 listening to nature's symphony. With the same persistent effortless rhythm of the pulse beat the world outside of the individual is felt. There is the merry laughter of the children and the soft, deep, contented gurgle of the women; the soft voice of the shaman painting religious pictures, explaining existence; the murmur of the wind as a background to the calls of night birds, and the blowing of toninos, the splash of frolicsome fishes, the intermittent howl of the monkeys, the bark of the wolf, the roar of the jaguar; and the warmth of a full stomach.

512 A figure may detach itself from the camp shadows and disappear
796 in the darkness of the west. Several young men may afterwards take the same path—to join the shaman in his preparations for communion with the gods. They leave behind them a feeling of expectation but nothing is said. Someone has put up a bare pole where the sand is hard packed.

796 The shaman returns and goes to sit in front of the pole facing the
791 east. He sits quietly and alone in deep reverie. Later he may ask for a cigar. His wife will supply him with one.

After a period of contemplation he may begin to sing and dance. His people will join him. The music will become more and more animated, the singing and dancing will be done with increasing abandon. The stars and the moon will go their ways to rest in the west.
512 It is only when the sun peeps over the eastern horizon that they will

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

stop to talk, rest, and later sleep. Twenty-four hours of Yaruro life have gone by. The stomach must be considered again.

THE LLANOS

The country of the Yaruros is a low plain lying south and east of the Venezuelan Andean mountain spur between the fifth and sixth degree of North Parallel. On the east it is flanked by the Orinoco, with the hills of Guiana beyond the river, and on the south the plain rolls away to Colombia. This vast inland plain is burned by a tropical sun the year round and nowhere is there a degree of elevation to relieve one from the intense heat. Fortunately there is no barrier to the trade winds which often blow too hard for human comfort but which, nevertheless, make life bearable by cooling the body and blowing away insect life. During the dry season this plain is a veritable desert with scant vegetation except along the river banks and by water holes. In the rainy season it becomes a vast inland sea rich in animal and plant life. The temperatures during the day are always high. In the plains of Apure 130° F. have been recorded a few feet from the ground. In the middle of the day animal life is practically at a standstill. Cattle and horses which roam the plains half wild or completely so rest quietly. The cowboy withdraws to the shelter of a grass roof; the traveler retires to the shade of a bush, provided he can find one; but the Yaruro seeks the river banks where the winds are freshest and there is always the branch thrust in the sand to give him some shade. In midafternoon the winds abate somewhat, but rise again as the sun sets. There is another lull just before midnight, but in the early morning the wind blows a gale, driving the well-equipped traveler under his blankets and the Yaruros to the warmth of sand pits. Shelter from the wind means intolerable insect life. One must remain exposed to the ever-blowing wind to find any comfort.

It is said that a geologist prospecting unsuccessfully for oil ended his report with the statement, "The plains of Venezuela, or as they are known, the llanos, are rich—in water." He would have been more accurate had he said that the llanos are rich in winds, in dust and sand, insects, and, in the rainy season, flora and fauna.

The llanos would form a desert were it not for the rivers which, fed by the Andes, flow into the Orinoco. The largest of these are the Apure and the Meta. Between them flow the Capanaparo and the Sinaruco. Fishes are plentiful in these rivers. Along the banks are found an abundance of birds, among which ducks, cranes, and storks predominate. Smaller birds give color and song to the country. Near the Orinoco species of sandpipers crowd the sand bars. Hawks and vultures are a common sight.

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where they believe their gods live. It was only when the sun began to burn our bodies that they approached me to chat. They expressed their concern over my illness and soon busied themselves to make me as comfortable as possible. While I distributed among them a few presents bought for them in Urbana, and turned all of the food over to Landaeta, the younger men were busy building a sun shelter, an arbor of the sweet-smelling guava bush, though for themselves they had only branches thrust into the sands, giving only a thin shade. From now on, I was completely in their care, and they were careful nurses and tender friends. The best of the hunt was mine, and even the women delighted in taking care of my clothing, and in bringing me delicacies.

They were glad to see me, and the women shamans soon began their chants while the men surrounded me and told me in their own language and in broken Spanish what had occurred the previous night. Men are prohibited from singing during the day, but the women sit in swinging hammocks and chant their songs. I learned, too, that Landaeta's daughter had not died, for there she was, grateful and shyly looking at me, completely well. They attributed her cure to me, though I was not at all responsible for it. During the night, they told me, the gods had come among us, and told them that I, too, was one of Kuma's children, and again they insisted that I was related to them.

I learned that Puaná and Itciai are cocreators with Kuma, the mother goddess, and they are directly responsible for the actual creation of the world. Hatchawa, in the form of a litttle boy, is another god who has given mankind fire, the bow and arrow, and many other blessings. Now, when the shaman sings at night his soul leaves his body and travels to the land of Kuma, leaving his body behind. The gods may come then, enter his body in the form of songs, and transmit their messages to the Yaruros. They had come the night before to greet me and to reassure my friends of my goodness and my own powers of shamanism.

We sat, smoked, and talked all day. In the afternoon we feasted on crocodile, turtle eggs, wild roots, palm nuts, and honey. Finishing our dinner, we sat quietly facing the west, watching the skies. As the sun set low again, rays of gold, blue, and white shot into the sky from the horizon, and my friends rejoiced at this certain greeting of Kuma to us.

Darkness came upon us, and in anticipation of a long night of singing and dancing—I could sing but could not dance, since I could not stand up—I lay on the sands to rest before the beginning of the ceremonies. but the skies interested the Yaruros and they came to tell me what they read there. The brightness of the stars and the changing

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INHERITANCE OF WIVES

583 Monogamy is the usual rule, but occasionally both polygyny and polyandry exist. If no women are available, a man may share his young wife with his brother or parallel cousin whom he calls brother also. I saw two such cases. In a tribe whose total membership may not exceed 150 such situations may easily arise.

587 589 The more common situation is the inheritance of wives. If a man dies, his wife may be taken care of by her father, but more often by her former husband's brother. She takes her place as wife number two, especially if he is a good hunter. Other women whom a man may inherit as wives are his aunts on his father's side and even his paternal grandmother. I saw one case in which a man had inherited his daughter's child. Whether these cases represent the results of [616] deculturation of the Yaruros in recent years, or pure necessity, it is impossible to say. It is worth noting that the taboo on marrying a member of one's moiety is strictly observed.

● 512 605 Another relationship common among South American Indians which is present among the Yaruros is the hunting friendship between two men. Seldom does one meet a young Yaruro who does not have a hunting companion. Upon marriage this relationship may be weakened, though often the companionship persists. Generally the men are two parallel cousins. They show much affection toward each other, even in camp. For instance, such a pair standing with arms around each other's necks is a common sight. I have no reason to suspect any abnormal sexual relations between such couples.

124 582 [165] An attempt was made to collect genealogies, but no satisfactory results were obtained, due to the confusion that exists among the Yaruros. So many have suffered premature death, especially men, that the genealogies show a tremendous complexity. This complexity exists, of course, only for us. The Yaruro has his system, which is to guard against incest as he defines it. So long as members of the same moiety do not marry, everything else is permissible. One's cross cousin of the same, or nearly the same, age is the preferential choice, but the Yaruros cannot control birth and death, so that the preference is purely theoretical. I saw young boys married to old women and young girls married to old men. The answer was that there weren't any others to marry.

However, enough was gathered from the genealogies to verify the system as described: Members of the same moiety do not marry. Every one else can, except father and daughter, and, of course, father's brothers and daughter, whom she addresses as father anyway.

1: Petrullo E-3 (1933-34) 1939 SS19 Yaruro SS19

534 177 ter the harp is very popular. Flutes and whistles are also made by the Llaneros, but the gourd rattle, which consists of a small gourd containing coarse grains of sand, or seeds, is the instrument employed by the Yaruro shaman. Music, therefore, is produced by singing to the accompaniment of the rattle if the singer happens to be the [512] shaman. Since the men are prohibited from singing and whistling during the daytime there is no freedom of expression in this way. During the entire time that I stayed with these people I never heard anyone begin a song except the shaman. Whenever, for purposes of recording, I asked some of the men to hum some of the tunes they refused to do so.

533 Although there are a variety of tunes, the music apparently consists of one phrase repeated four times for each stanza of the song. Each stanza is begun in a high falsetto. The second phrase is sung an octave lower, and the last phrase, therefore, is four octaves lower [462] than the first. The woman shaman, however, has a song slightly different than the male shaman's song and their pattern seems to begin at the lower end of the scale for each phrase and repeating each phrase in the same range as the first. In both cases, each phrase covers the entire scale of six notes. The tempo is 1–2 time, with the accent on the off-beat, but at the height of the ceremonies the songs are syncopated. The intensity of the songs, the melodious quality of the phrases, and the oral repetition produces an effect similar to the negro spirituals.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for one to sing in tune with the Yaruros. Their scale is different from ours and they seem to have quarter tones. In addition to this peculiarity, they never seem to sing in a full voice, not in a falsetto, but in a style of their own, difficult for one trained in European music to master quickly. Of course the theory is that it is the gods and the ancestral spirits who composed both the music and the words and the people singing behind the shaman merely imitate these inspired songs.

533 535 The Yaruros have only one word to signify dancing and singing: "tohiwahimerekidi". The shaman, who is the leader in both these arts, is called "dancer" or "singer." In actual practice dancing is subordinate to singing, much as gesturing is subordinate to speaking among ourselves. Perhaps the correct translation of this word would be closer if rendered as "singing."

Dancing as an independent art does not exist. When it is practiced it is almost an outflow of singing. Singing may be done without dancing but dancing without singing is impossible. Every dancer sings, though every singer does not necessarily dance.

182 241 361 First, through time, the gardens tend to radiate further and further from any given residence point since, given the 13-year planting-fallow cycle, plots near the village will be exhausted. Since the major garden resource areas lie in a crudely east-to-west direction, there will be a slow westward migration of the geographic center of garden activities, enough so that at some point, the village is suspended, as it were, among distant resource points (see Maps), and enhanced by the dispersed nature of the hunting and fishing, and to some extent the gathering, areas. If the "suspension" is weighted more in one direction than another, there will be some tendency either to move the village or to send out temporary or permanent branches of it, respectively in the form of work cottages in the swiddens or in larger long-term house groups which are intermittently occupied. This process is, in fact, easily observed among the Yaruro in existent and abandoned house and subsidiary village sites scattered over the whole territory. Similarly, the locus of gathering, so important in [221] summer, moves further and further from the village. This, together with the considerable shift to fishing and river-hunting in summer, as well as the need for water, causes an extensive seasonal transhumance to occur within the territory. These factors contribute to fissioning as well as to inhibiting the development of permanently located villages, let alone larger aggregations. Thus, with a radiating ecology, a degree of group dispersion and geographical mobility within the territory is to be expected and is indeed characteristic of the Yaruro.

● 512 Second, if one examines the location of all resources it will be seen that, taken together, they constantly enjoin a dispersal of the labor force in all directions, regardless of season, so that more or less equivalent quantities of labor are being used at the same time in many varying kinds of productive activity independently of each other — at the peripheries of the territory, in the areas between, or in the village centers themselves, [462] where the women are constantly doing the significantly important work of [252] converting otherwise unusable food resources, like raw, bitter manioc or uncooked corn, into edibles.

476 Third, it will be noted that none of the Yaruro technological processes require cooperative work, even when they may permit it, if it were so desired. On the whole, the productive activities might be described as dispersive of labor, whether it is individuals or small groups of twos or threes who go out to keep each other company. Even the work of preparing [241] the swiddens is carried out individually, though two or three men may [463] work as neighbors in what appears as a single plot. Further, the technology [242] is such as to require no highly specific and difficult or esoteric skills. The most difficult skill to acquire is the knowledge of the soil types and appropriate planting procedures attached to each. Thus, each adult is in a position to learn the inventory of technological knowledge appropriate 462 463 to his or her sex, and somewhat of that belonging to the other sex too, and to apply it by himself whenever he wants or must. A man, well-instructed in Yaruro technology, could probably subsist alone successfully for long periods of time. One divorced adult man, although he was largely fed by his